

Superior

e

may 2020

St Louis

Kentucky

Ohio

Tennessee

North Carolina

Atlanta

Georgia

Florida

Miami

Montreal

Boston

New York

Virginia

blue

moon

bocaccio

parx

guyot

rust

caldwell

super gecko

juliesse

blue
moon
bocaccio
parx
guyot
rust
caldwell
super gecko
juliesse

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- **Brother Dollar Bill** Zymony Guyot worries about just how far our collective values have been corrupted.
- **Viralo** Zima Blue is a symphony in four acts: Adagio, Presto, Vivo, and a new format, Viralo. All is succinctly explained by Art Blue.
- **Loreen Aldrin** The first of her new "Singer/Songwriter" series, Larkbird Parx focuses her attention of our favorite, Loreen Aldrin.
- **Stefan** Cat Boccaccio takes us into the chilling world of an efficient professional assassin, enjoying a nice meal with her prey.
- **Elvis Christ Ultrastar** No one does satire better than RoseDrop Rust, this time skewering the return of a musical "giant."
- **Today Can Not Be Everyday** Shyla the Super Gecko won't allow us to become numb to the tragedy of gun violence. Enough.
- **Real Revolution** Consuela Hypatia Caldwell reminds us that the real revolutions are the revolutions of the mind.
- **Isolation** After the scare of a lifetime, Jullianna Juliesse confronts her fears of COVID-19, reminding us to take appropriate precautions.

About the Cover: This month's contribution by Art Blue includes a graph of the spread of COVID-19. Our cover draws attention to the Eastern Seaboard of the U.S. Although visually striking, it is not art, but a reminder to those anxious to be released from "house arrest" that we're not out of danger by any stretch of the imagination.



I want to be with those
who know secret things
or else alone.

Rainer Maria Rilke



Maximillion Kleene

ARROGANT RECORDS



AFTER DARK
— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue

AFTER DARK LOUNGE

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AND INTIMACY.

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& IN THE HOTEL**

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Down in the Holler



- DJ UNLEASHED
- DJ Doc VAL

FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY
04-10 PM SLT

ECCLETIC MUSIC
Host DARKANGELGIRL

SPECIAL EVENT
MAY 16TH
HOMELESS VETS PROGRAM

The background of the image features a large, abstract graphic on the left side. It consists of several concentric, slightly irregular circles. The circles are primarily a light pink or lavender color, with a visible texture that looks like a mosaic or a close-up of a woven fabric. The background behind the circles is a dark, solid black. The overall effect is organic and modern.

La Maison d'Aneli

Opening
Vernissage

*Wed. 20th May 2020
12:30pmSLT 21:30 French Time*

Slatan Dryke
Desy Magic
Ilyra Chardin
Thoth Jantzen
Nok Kirax
Sophie Marie Sinclair

and the kind participation of
JadeYu Fhang at 1:30 pmslt

YOUR ART CENTER

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Virtus/23/23/22>





The Siren's Bones

CybeleMoon

Part Two



CyberDoon

5.

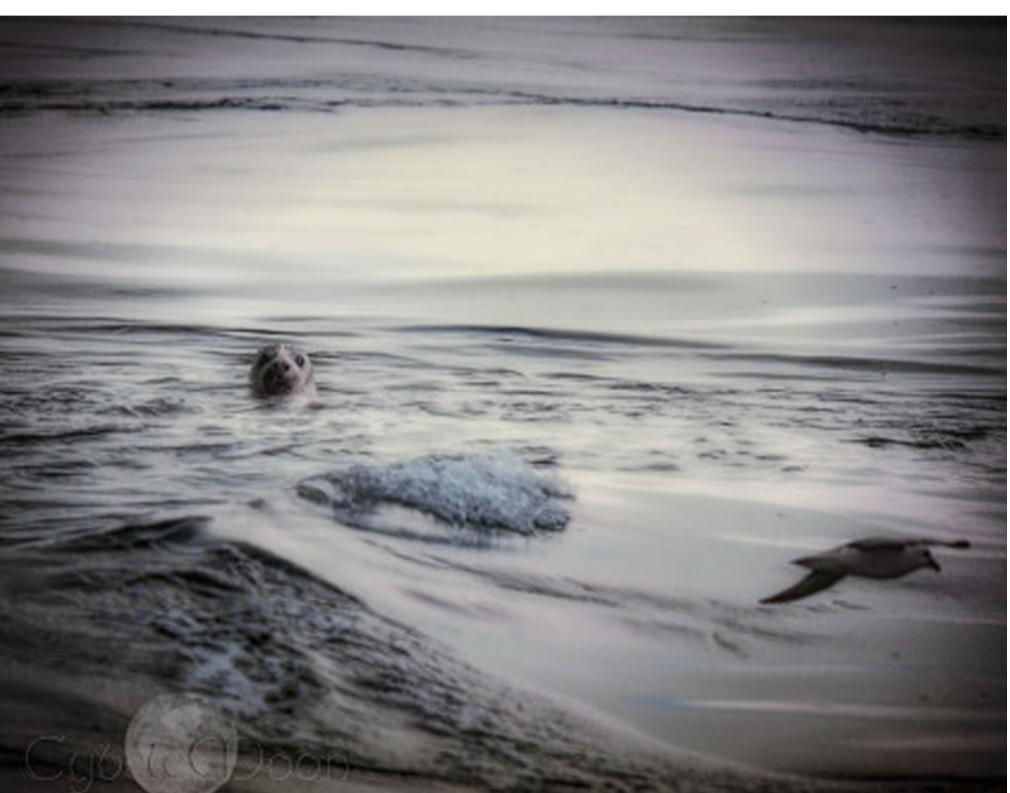
Fiona stepped aside, her mind reeling as Duff entered the house. He sat himself down at the table but didn't touch the food. Instead, he reached into his pockets and began pulling out what looked like pearls, coins and other bits and pieces of flotsam onto the table. "These are gifts from the sea and from my travels." he said. His eyes locked onto Muireal with a light of recognition and she returned his gaze trustingly. "She is truly beautiful!" he declared.

Fiona was greatly disturbed and placed

her hand on Muireal's shoulder possessively. "Why have you come back?" she asked anxiously. He looked at her. In his eyes a great squall was gathering and flashes of lightening flickered and faded. "I have come to claim what is mine." he replied. Fiona realized with shock, that he was attempting to pay her for her care of the child as though she was only a nursemaid. She turned immediately to Muireal and sent her upstairs to her room. Muireal went reluctantly, looking back at both of them with confusion and fear in her eyes.

After the girl was out of sight Fiona

spoke quietly, "You cannot take her. She belongs to us." She tried to keep her voice steady. "Why have you waited so long?" she demanded. Duff stood up and looked at her with a quizzical expression and replied, "Time is not counted by the long or short in my world Fiona, we know only the rhythm of the tides under the sun and stars. It is a far better place." In a surprisingly tender and almost sympathetic gesture he reached out and touched Fiona's cheek. "Did you not know my nature from our first meeting?" he asked softly. "There is so much I can yet teach our daughter. Have not the wind and currents called to her through these years?" His hand on her face was warm and wet. It smelled like the sea and for the first time since that fateful night she again heard the ocean storm roaring in her ears and she was afraid.



No one noticed that the captain had come in quietly through the front door and that his pistol was drawn. When Duff saw him he drew away from Fiona and the captain fired. Fiona screamed as Duff staggered back toward the door holding his shoulder. He turned and fled toward the beach. The captain ran after him into the night but as clouds again covered the moon, Duff had disappeared. There was only darkness and the sound of the surf. The Captain returned and locked the doors. He put the pistol on the table and without a word went upstairs. He left his wife standing in the kitchen weeping, with her head bowed in chagrin. The powerful wave that had swept over the shore was sucked back into the deep and only silence remained. Alone in her room, Muireal lay weeping too. They all knew that no one would ever speak a word about what happened, but it would hang over them all like a suffocating night without stars.

Duff was not seen after that though the captain continued to keep a vigilant look out. Every day and all day, he grimly patrolled the perimeters of the little farm from the pasture down to the shoreline. Fiona was glad the boys were away and not witnesses to any of it. A few weeks later, a seal carcass washed up on the beach. White bones shone in the sunlight as gulls swooped down to pick at the flesh that

still clung to them. Muireal was very affected by the sight and kept watch over the body until the Captain finally cut it up into pieces and hauled the remains out into the loch.

Afterward she took to sitting on the rocks for long periods with her head on her knees, looking out to sea. She didn't play the little bone flute. Her right hand appeared more awkward and in the light a glowing filament seem to thread its way through the web of her fingers. At night she appeared almost translucent. Fiona thought it was only a trick of light, like the halo that sometimes surrounds animals on cold northern nights.



She and the captain hardly spoke now and the profound stillness that had settled on the house continued on in an ominous and lonely vigil. Soon Fiona began to hear a buzzing inside her head like the crackling sensation of fear and elation that precedes the mysterious discharge of St. Elmo's fire. She had an overpowering desire to scream and never stop but all she could do was wait helplessly and pray for a reprieve that might never come.



CybeleQDoon



CybeleQDoon

6.

The Captain went away again and the boys came back from school. The eldest son, Hamish, was getting ready to take on an apprenticeship on the mainland, but still, Fiona was glad to have their company and their help again on the little farm. She hoped they would bring some light to these past dark days.

With her brothers back, Muireal finally roused herself from the lassitude of those last months and seemed happier for a time. However, she had begun to wander off again on her mysterious excursions, and it happened one terrible day that she did not return home. It was the night that St. Elmo's Fire lit up the masts of ships on the sea and electrified the steeples and rooftops on the shore. Fiona and the boys searched for hours, which turned into days but it was as though Muireal had been spirited away by the fairy folk. Fiona felt that something much darker had occurred though what it was she didn't know.

Her anguish was a wave, gathering momentum as it sped toward the shore and just when she felt she could not bear another moment it would subside back into the deep ocean of her being and she would lie down exhausted until the next one began.

She should have known. The signs had all been there. They had been living in some other realm, one where they were ghosts, unable to touch each other, trapped between shifting veils of grief and guilt, uncertainty, and divine decree. When the Captain sailed away still silent and uncommunicative, Fiona wondered what would become of them all.



More distress had followed in the form of an accusation from one of the islanders. A farmer's wife claimed that Muireal, in passing, had cursed a pregnant cow who subsequently died after giving birth to a deformed and stillborn calf. Superstitious mutterings began to grow among some, including speculation as to what or who might be to blame for a fishing

boat that had gone down off the coast, or for the recent poor fishing yield. Whether or not they actually believed it had something to do with Muireal's effect was unimportant. The fact was that Muireal frightened and disturbed people. Her oddness coupled with her beauty only added fodder for those who still loved to gossip of witchery and banshees.

A small but "polite" delegation from the village meeting hall was sent to Fiona's cottage demanding that Muireal be sent away to an asylum somewhere for the strange and feeble minded.



Only one person stood up in defense. It was a boy named Alasdair who lived on a neighbouring croft and who sometimes helped Fiona with her own farm chores. He was an engaging,

good humoured lad and always greeted them as he passed by on his way to market. Alasdair was the only other person besides Fiona and her sons who seemed to understand that Muireal, though peculiar, was certainly not dangerous or feeble minded. He would often sit with her on the bluff and listen to her play. He was even familiar enough to tousle her dark bronze curls affectionately. He was able to make her smile. He convinced everyone that Muireal's esteemed father, the Captain, would have to be back from the sea before any decision could be made. The delegation was somewhat relieved and went home after that.

Muireal who was hiding in her room heard everything. To make matters worse, during the past week Fiona had found her down at the beach in a very



distraught and agitated state, but this time it was due to her female cycle, which had finally begun. Muireal was alarmed and confused by what was happening to her. The sight of blood terrified her. Perhaps she was remembering that terrible night when she looked out the window after hearing the screams of her mother. In the light coming from the kitchen, she had seen Duff bleeding profusely from his wound as he ran.

Although Fiona reassured and calmed her, Muireal became withdrawn again. There of course were those awkward changes in body and spirit that were normal for girls of that age, but this was much more. To Fiona, Muireal still looked lucent and changing. The web of her fingers appeared more pronounced and the bones more delicate. Her eyes had grown luminous with a liquid sadness. One day Fiona found Muireal tracing the webbed fingers of her hand with a filleting knife. Instinctively Fiona knew that Muireal believed that separating those tiny fingers would make her into one of “them,” one of the island folk. Those fused bones were the cause of her shunning and muteness. Fiona quickly took the knife away. She wanted to tell her daughter that those very bones were the precious pearls of an unspoken enchantment that had not been forgotten. This disturbing event only added more anxiety to her



growing premonitions.

Shortly after, on a chilly spring morning, Muireal walked up from the beach. She placed a little bouquet of seaside daisies and various bird bones and shells on the table by her mother’s plate.

She then put her arms around Fiona’s neck and hugged her tightly. Fiona stopped and kissed her daughter tenderly before setting out the breakfast. Afterward Muireal went over to the hearth and picked up the



little flute that had lain untouched for months. She turned and waved to her brothers as she headed down the beach path before disappearing from sight. Fiona again felt that familiar stab of fear and unease. “Don’t go too far and be back in time for tea.” she called out anxiously.

It was not until weeks later that Fiona was to find out what had really happened to that wonderful creature, her beloved daughter, and it was young Alasdair who would bring the news.



If I Was a Blackbird

*... I'd whistle and sing,
And follow the ship that my true love
sails in;
And on the top rigging I would there
build my nest,
And I'd pillow my head on my young
lover's breast.*



The day after Muireal's disappearance the bodies of two young men washed up on the shore. A small boat had apparently overturned out on the loch. A third man had managed to make it to shore. It had been Alasdair. The news of this tragedy overshadowed Fiona's loss and gave her an even greater sense of distress as she continued to search for her missing daughter. She wondered if the accident was in some way linked to her own misfortune or just a terrible coincidence.

Fiona was once again alone. Hamish eventually left for the mainland to take up his new position and Donal went back to school. The Captain was still across the world somewhere, sailing on his own bitter ocean of grief. Most of the neighbours felt that Muireal must have drowned off the point or perhaps had even thrown herself into the sea as a person of unsound mind might do.



Over the weeks they did come by to offer help and sympathy, with plates of food and stumbling words but none of them had ever really understood or taken the time to know her strange and wonderful daughter. Fiona's mouth was full of memories and reproach that had no utterance and she became as silent as Muireal had been.

Her nights were filled with dreams of Muireal and Duff, of the echoes of Muireal's flute and of Duff at the door, the touch of his hand on her face, and of him fleeing wounded into the night. She saw Muireal sitting on the point enraptured, the light of St. Elmo's fire coursing through her sweet bones and Fiona would wake sobbing. Where were her daughter's bones? Were they lying at the bottom of the loch with those of Duff?

Finally all her fears and questions were answered one dark night by a familiar visitor. When Fiona opened the door, young Alasdair stood there at last. She knew immediately he was going to tell her something she did not want to hear. Her heart dropped like an anchor hitting the ocean floor and for a moment all was still. She was a ship waiting, but the new shore that beckoned was a dark and foreboding place.

Alasdair walked in slowly and sat by the fire. He looked at Fiona



anxiously and taking a breath the story spilled out like water falling off the ocean cliffs.

He had seen Muireal on the rocks under the point that day she disappeared. He had sat beside her as she played her flute. He said she looked so beautiful he picked some seaside daisies and had given them to her. She put one of them in her hair and smiled at him.

Two boys from one of the further islands happened to be out in a small boat that afternoon. Alasdair knew them and waved, so they came in to shore and invited him to join them in fishing over by the old lighthouse. Muireal always loved to be out on the loch and she too went along happily. He remembered that a seal swam along beside them much to Muireal's delight.

They were all in high spirits when they

went ashore. They shared a small meal and explored the old abandoned lighthouse. One of the boys had a small jug of whiskey which he passed to the others. Muireal wandered off with her flute and at some point Alasdair walked down the shoreline looking to find some mussels and other shellfish in the shallows. The sun began sinking low in the sky and Alasdair knew it was time to head back to the harbour.

When he climbed back up the rise, he saw one of the boys trying to force Muireal to drink from the jug. The other boy was trying to kiss her and she was struggling. His hand was inside the blouse of her dress. The boys were drunk and laughing. Muireal saw Alasdair and looked up at him pleadingly with eyes full of fear. He rushed over angrily and as he tried to pull them away Muireal got up and began to run in panic. Before Alasdair could stop her she slipped and fell, hitting her head hard against the rocks. She didn't get up or move after that.

They all panicked then. "It was only in fun!" they tried to explain to Alasdair. "We didn't mean her any harm." They carried her into the boat and wondered what they were going to do. One of

them suggested they might put her body overboard. No one would ever need know what had happened. Alasdair was in an agony of guilt and torment. He cradled Muireal in his arms protectively and he hated his friends at this moment. It was dark as they rowed back silently into the loch. The air had become heavy and it was hard to breathe. There was no wind to unfurl the small sail and they lit the lantern at the bow. A strange ominous atmosphere had descended over the inlet. Something was about to happen that was beyond anyone's control.

The Fisherman's Lament by Silly Wizard

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JkL4MxFPzs8>

8.

They heard thunder in the distance and felt the prickle of their hair standing on end when suddenly and with a loud hissing, St. Elmo's fire lit up the rooftops on the shore and blue flame surged along the mast of the little boat. Muireal looked as though she had been wrapped up in a bright halo shroud. Everything was aglow and the water became turbulent. When Alasdair looked over the side he saw hundreds of seals. They were swimming alongside and under the boat, bumping violently against the hull until at last it capsized. Alasdair saw Muireal slip beneath the waves in flickering bursts of light that at last were extinguished and then all was quiet again.



His companions were nowhere to be seen and Alasdair alone somehow found himself on the shore. He told Fiona that he thought he had seen a dark figure by the rocks and that a large wave engulfed it and swept it away, but the events of that bitter day were still confused in his mind and he didn't know if it was real or imagined. In fear and shame he had told no one that Muireal had been with them that day.

As he finished his story he looked at Fiona with tears running down his face. Fiona leaped up and pounded his chest. "Why did this happen!" she cried. "She trusted you!" She collapsed into a chair with her head in her hands. Reaching into his pocket Alasdair pulled out the little bone flute he had taken from Muireal's hand when she was laying so still on the rocks. He put it on the table and went out the door.

Fiona picked it up tenderly and holding it to her heart she slowly walked upstairs.

Imprisoned by an implacable tide, Fiona drifted through the next weeks. She hung on to the flute waking and sleeping as the only essence she had left of her daughter. Each wave of her memories was a pearl that scattered and if she could only find the precise point where that fragile string had unraveled she might put back together that splendid necklace of days with Muireal. Of course she should have known. Her daughter had been a visitor here and Duff had known that she would not thrive. He knew that she belonged to those who dwelt in that other world, whatever it was, and in the end they had claimed her poor, sweet body as their own. The pain was no less bearable.



Some time later Fiona had another dream. Muireal was laughing and waving from the beach. Duff was waiting close by and Fiona ran toward them but somehow could not reach them. The shoreline kept receding. Everything was flowing backward to the edge of ocean and sky where the fisher moon casts her silver net over the sea. Fiona knew then that she had to release her precious daughter into that flux of tide and time and a voice again spoke in her heart like it did on the night of the shooting stars. This time it said, "before I go mother, you must bless me!" The next day, Fiona took the little rowboat out to the far end of the loch. She tenderly released the flute into the depths where the bones of drowned sailors and

fishermen, and all denizens of the deep are ground together by sand and tide. Perhaps some incarnation of Muireal would find it there. This strange and beautiful journey was over and she prayed that her daughter's new passage would be blessed and full of wonder.

The people now knew what had happened and there was sadness and contrition in the community but life went on as it always had. A local fishermen said that one day he saw two seals swimming together and the larger seal appeared to have an injured flipper. He claimed the pair drove a huge shoal of fish toward his nets. It was the largest catch he had ever had he said, but then, fishermen were always full of wild tales.





Children at play still found little bird bones, shells and other treasures among the seaweed. Down on the rocks by the point, a small colony of seals took up residence. They had never done that before and the islanders decided that it would be unlucky to disturb or harm them and so they were protected and left alone. From that day forward people referred to the point as Muireal's Lookout and some nights when the wind whistled a haunted song along the bluffs, mothers told their children that it was the siren, Muireal, playing her flute, and that meant it would be fine and calm in the morning and an excellent day for fishing.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NftvUbQ0Pt8>

The Great Selkie (one of the Child Ballads- Judy Collins & Tommy Makem)

Background:

The Selkies (or Silkies) were shapeshifters in Orcadian myth. They are also part of Icelandic and Faroese legend. They were seals in the ocean but shed their skin to take on human form on land, often seducing whoever came under their spell. There were children born of this strange union and the Selkie would come back to claim them.

A female Selkie however, usually did not fare as well on land. There was once a man who was enamoured of a Selkie. He hid her seal skin so she would not be able to return to the sea. Filled with longing for her home and her companions she wasted away with grief and died.

Sule Skerry is a small remote island or skerry in Northern Scotland off the Orkneys where a great Selkie supposedly lived.

Stranger still, in the outer Hebrides the clan MacCodrum (a sept of the MacDonalds) still claim to be the descendants of such a union!

• r — e — z •



photography
jamie mills





Zymony Guyo Brother

Waiting for the landlord
Our suits are pressed, arguments
Excuses, polished, painted, cleaned
Soundbites are bitten, opponents
Excusing the inexcusable is normal
These things we put each other up to
And grimly hold our lies up as truths

How much do we have to hurt
before healing is beyond our power
We gut the very bones of home
...yet wax poetic over flowers

And we pray:

Oh Lord, sustain us on this Earth
bankers measure worth

t
r
ents honed
on
ents owned
nothing new
er through
s the truth
rt
powers?
ne
:
arth, and let our

Dollar Bill

as keepers of the Holy Dollar Sign, for so this
land is our land

...but mostly mine

...and a moment of silence for Brother Dow Jones
In this his hour of need

We must fill his Holy Coffers with our patriotic
bones

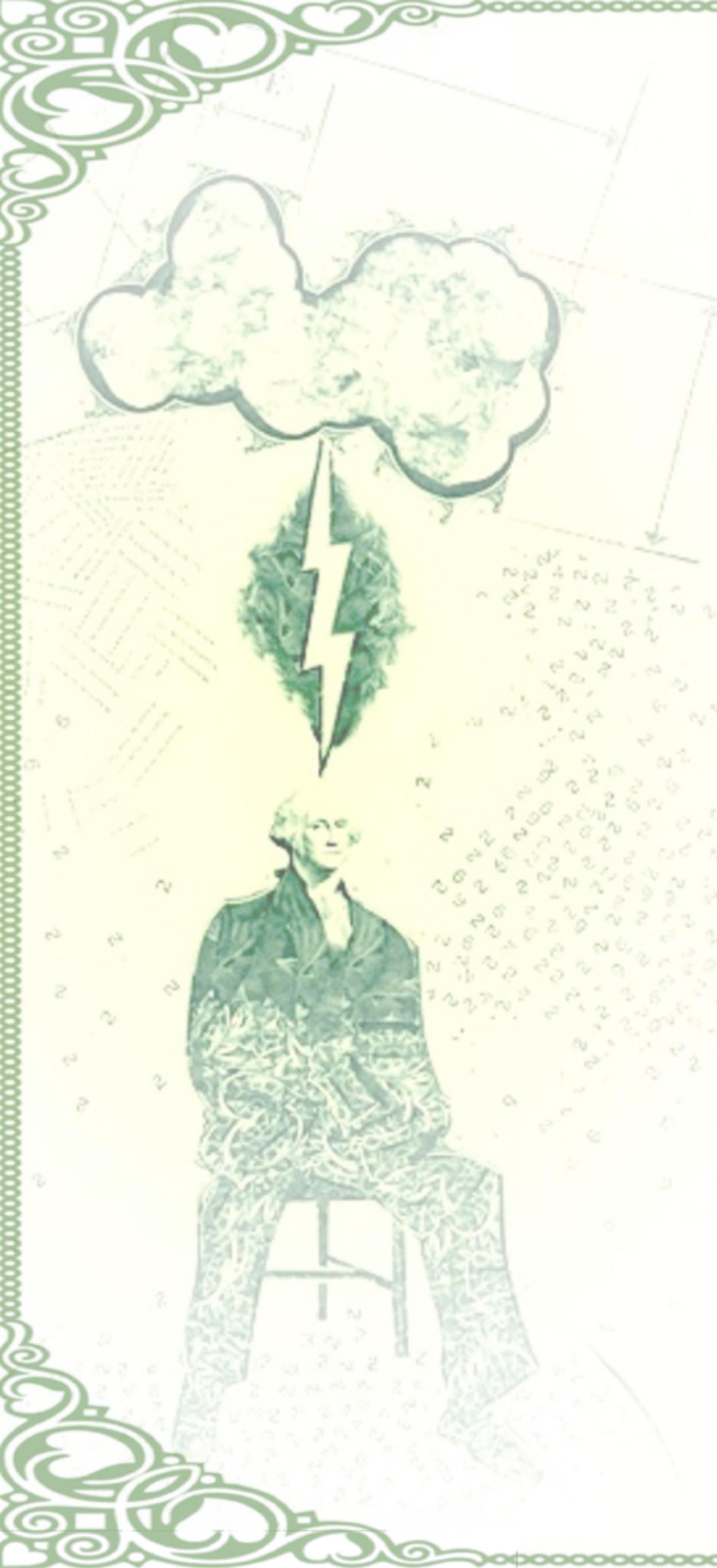
...overflowing with our sacred, wholesome greed

You can feel the patience of this planet wearing
thin

as we edge toward a cliff of toxic doubt

.... where Humanity itself will toss all humans out

Too long we have made the life of lives about
Our wheels and clocks and doing



Having over knowing
Acquiring over growing
The smallness of mind that d
Insists upon a law that codifie
name of being free
Facing monsters in the mirror
we see...

Still we pray:

Oh Lord, remain the puppet o
command
A figurehead that we may rig
A sword with which our prej
and turn your naive Godly lo
discriminating light

And pray for Brother Dollar
That he might rise and rule, b
above

rags our dreams raw
es indifference in the
r and denying what
of our hearts
ight our righteous land
udices smite
ve into our knowing,

Bill
ooth king and fool

and that in his name that we have the strength to
kill
and die, deny this very thing of love
This Universe may yet find us in default
The contract with our better selves in ruins
The Cosmos canceling our account
Expelling us from Edens, cast among the stars and
moons
And voiding all the terms of living that loving
grace extends
Beyond the possibility of amends
When ends fail even
....to justify the ends
So.
We.
Pray.

<https://youtu.be/KE2wUdkZLY>

Game Cat says,
"Awake, you know that dreams exist. Inside a dream you
think the dream is reality. Inside a dream you have no
knowledge of the waking world."

From VURT, a novel by Jeff Noon [1993]

Zima Blue The Life of a Virus

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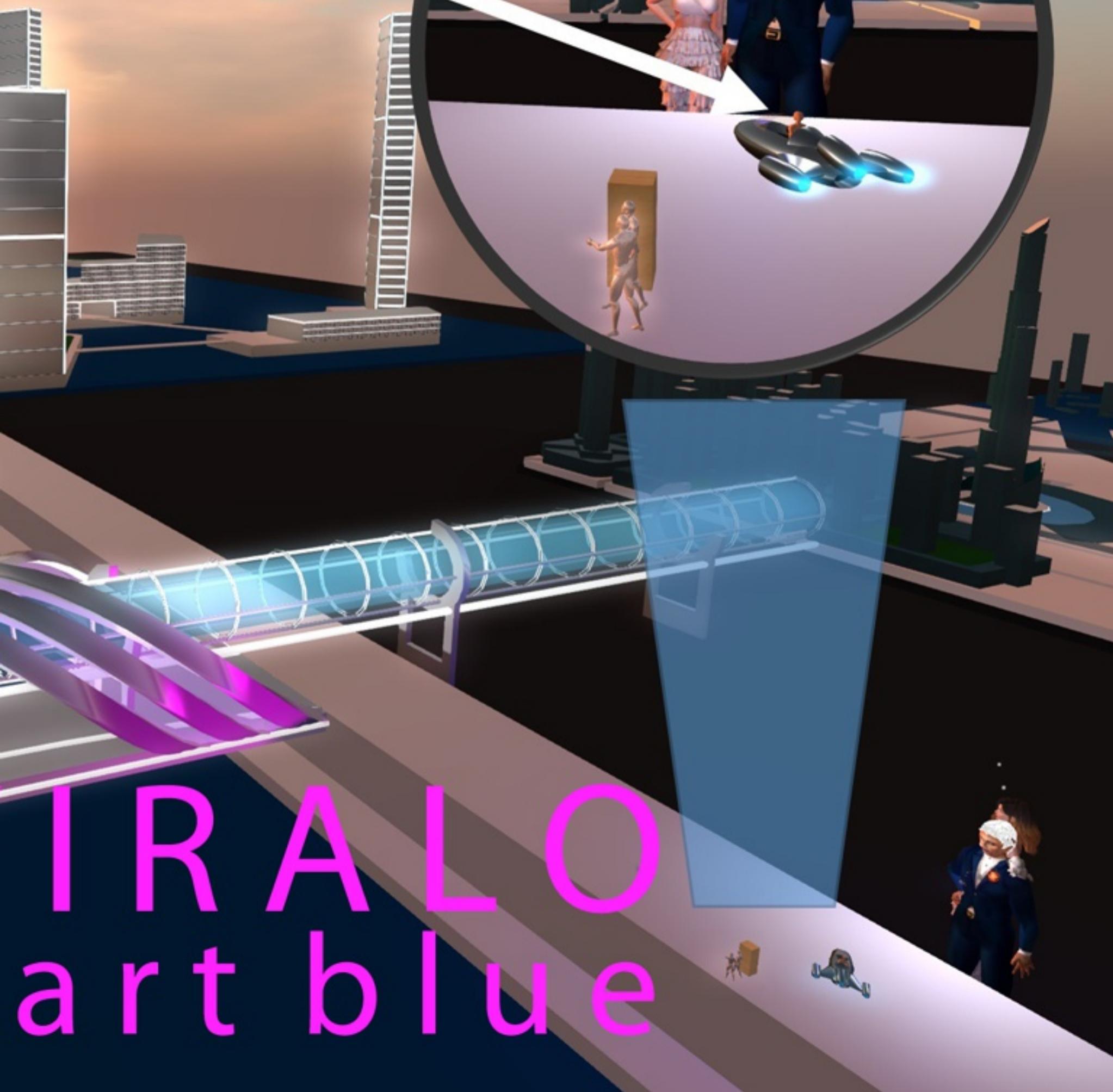
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GEM PREIZ



“Chapter C launched,” the prompter says. I sigh and sip my latte. The servers are running smoothly. All regions running, continents are up, the backup system starts and restarts as scheduled. Finally, after all the waiting, it happens. Corona is launched, the data in phase B collected, population allotted, all items and Ident-Units fully indexed. Time is relative, as we, the ones having the higher knowledge, know. Shall it be a big deal that it took more than 2,000 years? For an average human life span (the Bible says 70 years and gives 10 years more as a bonus), that might seem quite a long time, but for the ones in the simulation business, it is no time at all.

“Our days may come to seventy years, or eighty, if our strength endures; yet the best of them are but trouble and sorrow, for they quickly pass, and we fly away.” [Psalm 90:10 international version]

I am aware of time. I am aware of colours. I am aware of the universe, the way it is built. I am aware of prims, sculpties, and meshes. I am aware of many things not everyone is. It is time for summoning the muse. I write down a line from Ray Bradbury Right, “What the subconscious is to every

other man, in its creative aspect becomes, for writers, The Muse.”

<https://youtu.be/5J8mvTWceO8>

It's time to consider...

Dec. 2019, Australia:
Worst drought / wildfires



Jan. 2020, A
Worst locust



The Bible shows us why all t

When I shut up heaven
and there is no rain,

or command
to devou

if My people who are called by M
and pray and seek My face, and
then I will hear from heaven, and will

(2 Chronicles 7:14)

2BR02B

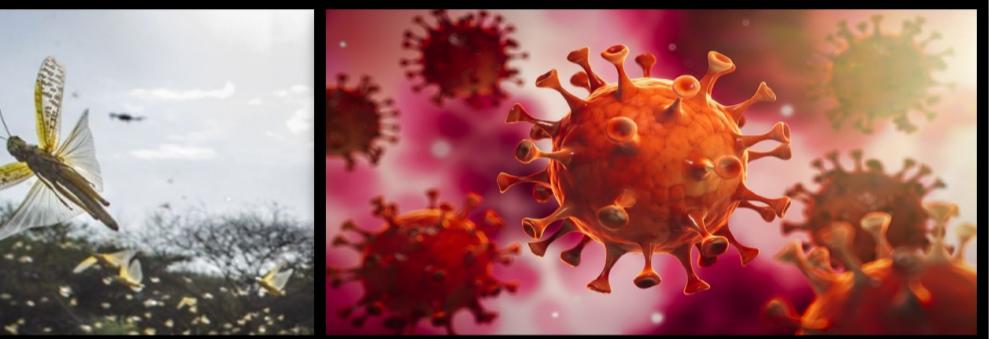
I am an apprentice admin queued in for the change to a higher colour. I like this. For philosophers it is climbing up the ladder. I feel that I have long been ready to reach a lighter blue. Disgusting to hear that some people call it the next bluescreen. I know

naming is branding. When I first read the novel 2BR02B by Kurt Vonnegut, I noticed humans deal so differently when it comes to the understanding of the Bible. The simulator I oversee is so advanced that even the official word

<https://www.hochschul-bibelkreise.de/en/charts/>

Africa/Asia:
infestation

Feb. 2020, Global:
Coronavirus pandemic



These things are happening:

and the locusts
in the land,

or send pestilence
among My people,

My name will humble themselves,
and turn from their wicked ways,
forgive their sin and heal their land.
(Matthew 7:13-14)

Ethical Suicide Studios Kurt Vonnegut used sounds horrible. Triage has a much better vibration. It is French and you can modulate the world like a poem. The Old Testament of the Bible is full of such poems.

“And that very night the angel of the Lord went out and struck down

185,000 men in the camp of the Assyrians. When the people got up the next morning, there were all the dead bodies.” [Book of Kings, 2 Kings 19:35]

You say this doing by the angel of the Lord resulted in the King of Assyria, Sennacherib, breaking camp and withdrawing. You are right; some call such a loss of bodies for the higher good not a Triage World, a world on Triage. The plague that hit Sennacherib’s soldiers was to ensure that The Heaven of Jerusalem would finally rise, that the world would lift up in time. The German Academy of the Bible Circle knows it, but who does believe in an insight if not published in lingua franca, in Latin ... or for the non-believers at least in English? Everyone on earth could embrace the anticipation of the Parousia. All you would need is to put the words in a translator and the timeline in the Bible would be globally known. The Bilderberg Foundation keeps the secrets from them, suppresses the truth because the Bible also shows who will be spared. The dislodgement of The Firstlings will happen about three years after the peace treaty between the Israelis and the Palestinians; then it is time for the Black Swan. All

simulations show that a transition can't be avoided if you crave eternity. The easiest way was given them by the Bible to belief in an Afterlife, but it seems humans recently want to avoid death at all costs. They plan to develop an Afterlife on their own and will hold a conspiratorial meeting in 2027 which they call Afterlife Developer's Conference. I run a test with a White Swan algorithm where 2% of the population is extracted, teaching them the procedure in a way they understand, calling it The Leftovers. How they screamed. You can't believe what a fuss they made when they saw it on Netflix, which is a medium where you watch things that might happen like on an antique curved screen. And their world is overpopulated, you know? Many are reaching an age that the Bible never put in as a legal value.

In 2BR02B, Dr. Benjamin Hitz has invented in Chicago the first gas chambers where everyone could freely step in. And you know what? No one enters, so I put the White Swan in action, added it as a subroutine to Chapter C. In other words, I made The Leftovers their reality by combining it with the Holy Hebrew Book of Kings.

Of course the target is not just 185,000, which was a fair amount in the time of King Sennacherib. I had to adjust the values to ensure that belief in the Bible does not fade.

<https://youtu.be/y9Hwts9kNGA>



QUANTUM

Now they run their economy on edge, let it all crash, just because of some

numbers? They call it Wall Street like it stands for the Quantum. Do they not know that their memory is being extracted every night during sleep? That they don't have to worry about anything? The server has a RAID-X mirroring. The data are copied before

extract them. How else shall we get them? How else shall we learn what emotions, what fluid patterns are and how to deal with them? We simulate them natively, we need them as a test bed. Why they are so unthankful? The Bible should comfort them, but what do they do? Now reaching the digital age, they crave an upload of their brain, they speak of stacks and sleeves. By doing so they bring themselves close to a Cylon.

What soon will happen ...

hen wird...

— — — → **LET US BRING THE BEST
MEN TO THE MOON**
Virtual Trump

derkunft
u Christi



*Academy of Bible
Studies*

hochschul-bibelkreise.de
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they arrive. That's applied quantum theory; things happen before you think about them. In the human brain, in the analog world, are emotions; that's why they exist. A digital world needs to

“One of the decisive differences between Cylon and human is that Cylons are created with an ability to download. Through a Resurrection ship a Cylon that reaches the end of its physical life can transfer its memories and programming to a new Cylon body. This guarantees Cylons a scientific form of eternal life that is contingent only upon the distance between the dying Cylon and the nearest Resurrection ship.”

Words by Guy Collins. Not the Guy Collins who produced *Raised By Zombies*. It is Dr. Guy Collins, author of *Faithful Doubt: The Wisdom of Uncertainty*. He is Rector of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Hanover, and Episcopal

Chaplain to Dartmouth College. He speaks of the importance of doubt for theology and philosophy.

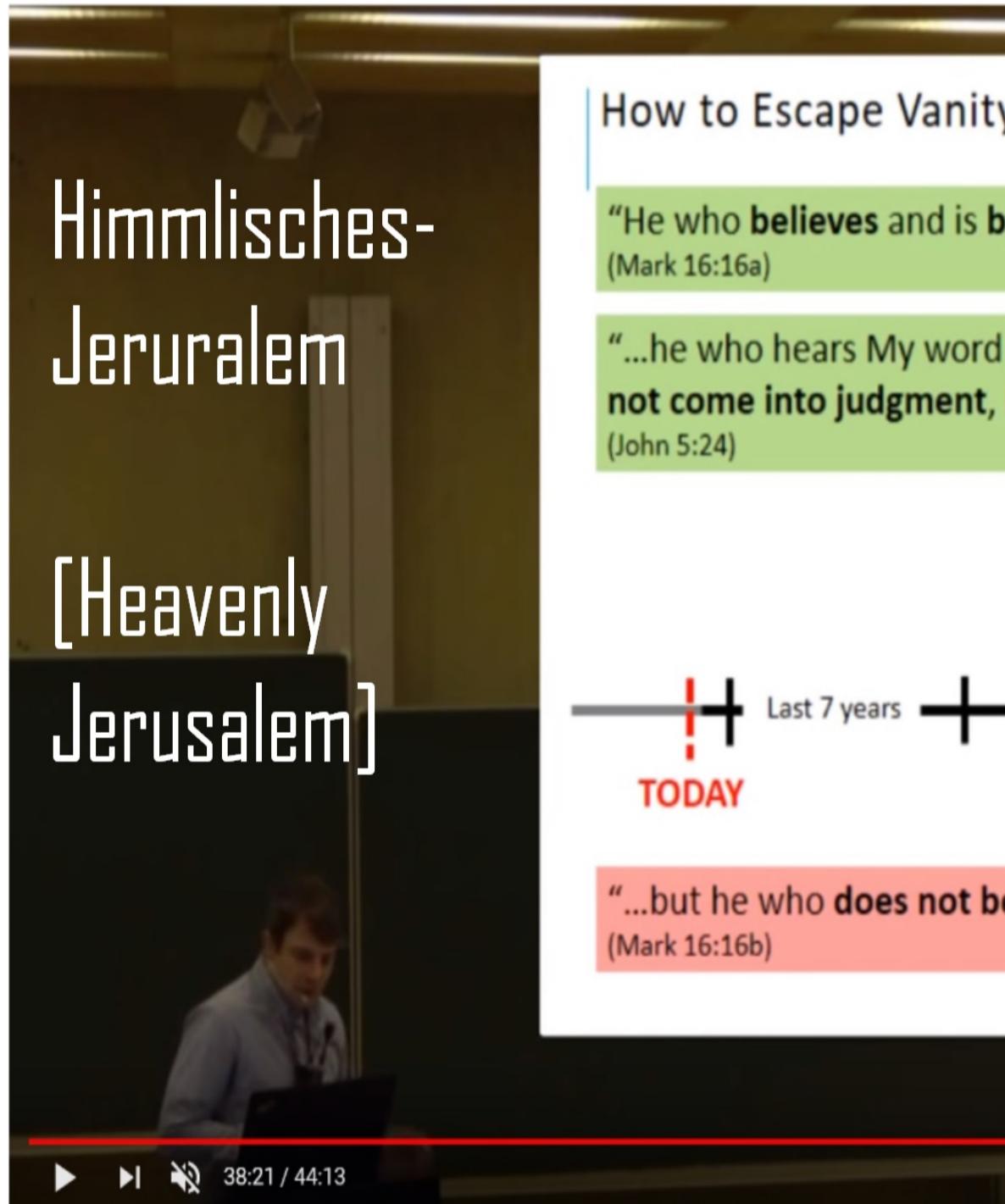
I introduced myself to you as a server admin. That's a job where basically there is nothing to do. Time enough to learn that the Lords of Kobol fulfill the same purpose as any religion does on earth for the humans.

<https://youtu.be/drTuiac308>

The Cylon Department is located next to the human servers, but the entrance is restricted; only the white ones may enter it. White is a state that comes after light blue, so in about 1,000 years I may work there, quite a few incarnations to go. But that does not hold me back from digging. I am a born digger, you know. For digging I use earth, as they have computers, a fact I hide from my supervisor.

I want to find out who “Daniel” is. Daniel is just a name. It can be any name that Cylon Number Seven is using on earth. In *Battlestar Galactica*, which is an outer space belief system running on a story generator they call Netflix, Ellen Tigh remembers Number Seven as creative, sensitive, and an artist. It is said that he

was destroyed and so there shall be not much left, but I bet that is not the case. Art can't be destroyed - - never ever. Art reinvents itself by Art. I suspect he reinvented himself as VJ Quantum, or was it Substance-D? I need to dig



In the future - All is vanity

deeper. Maybe that's not the end of the line.

You know by now that I am in the Human Department. I just need to keep

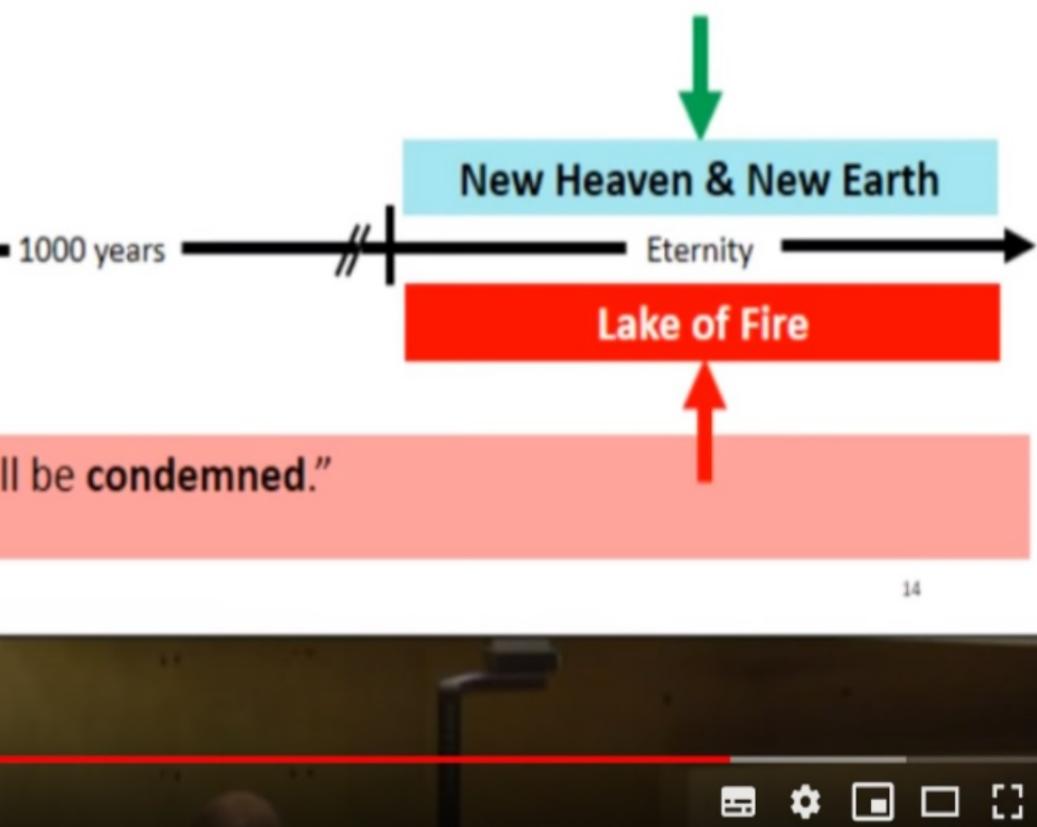
the servers running and stay calm. I post to my superior, “Level C initiated, infection level 2 up and running, no issues. Subroutine White Swan added.” My latte is well deserved when reading the stats comparing them with words I

know much about the simulation business. Maybe that’s why he keeps his options open and says about himself, “The real Trump,” so to be able to pop-up his account to “The virtual Trump” when it suits him to go premium. He might, despite his anger toward Merkel, the Chancellor of Germany, which is a tiny country on earth, I like to use as a test bed from time to time to create some special brands, they call beer … but I shall not distract you … so back to Merkel who gave Trump the translation of “Himmlisches Jerusalem,” [Heavenly Jerusalem] so he will not again fail when questioned about the Bible. With German help he might effectively court evangelical voters. It is a big difference if you say “Two Corinthians” or “Second Corinthians.” You have to know they differ on earth like the difference between Two Life and Second Life.

aptized will be saved..."

and believes in Him who sent Me has **everlasting life**, and shall but has passed from death into **life**."

believe will be condemned."



noticed weeks ago. “2.2 million people would have died if we didn’t do what we are doing,” the President of the United States of America said on March 30th. Looks like he does not

ALT-theorists recently questioned whether there can be more than one Second Life. It looks like the paper *Himmlisches Jerusalem* gave President Trump a boost in understanding the Bible because right away he ordered NASA to hurry to the

Moon. NASA stands for National Aeronautics and Space Administration. No big need to understand it all. Right now there is a moon in the simulation running because of the Bible, you know. Luckily, Trump could grab Jack Schmitt, who was on the moon 45 years ago, at the press conference to announce the ride to come. “What do you think, Jack?” He asked him twice and then answered for Jack, “We will find other places. There are a couple of other places, right Jack?”

<https://youtu.be/7fuer5ws6ZY> [timestamp 30:30]

“Die Entrückung der Erstlinge,” is stated in the paper, *Himmlisches Jerusalem*. Well, a fair translation is “Hurry to the Moon.” Word by word it is “Dislodgement of the Firstlings.” We all know by now the real Trump is not very fit when it comes to the Bible and it would need more than a paper from Germany to make the deal, but it never came up in my mind, not in my wildest dreams even, that he was kept by his staff so clueless about the Apocalypse that he would need the Flyer of the Academy

of the Bible Circle.

GREENLAND TURNS GREEN

I know, just now I know, that they have had computers on earth for 70



years and that they have run simulations in virtual reality for 20 years. They must have hidden this from the President as I have hidden it from my administration. No big deal when the simulation of a developed



world runs for some 10,000 years. So 70 years to hide is nothing. Having a computer, you can make predictions. You can do calculations. You can even picture your thoughts. So when you say the earth gets warmer, you can

become a believer; you can simulate reality with computers.

That California will run out of water, that Greenland will become, as the name says, green, and so on. Of course I know it, but the ones doing simulations on earth know it as well. Their computers do this for them. I was watching the progress there with great interest but recently with many concerns. The FQXi, The Foundational Questions Institute, a brain trust for Extreme Quantum Theories, told President Trump, that earth might be a computer simulation and if this is the case, then they can simulate reality. They can exactly say what the simulator I control will do with them. So President Trump posted proudly after he could not buy Greenland that due to the simulations he set in place, the death toll in

“Let’s Hurry to the Moon”

simulate that the deserts grow and a new Area 51 can be outlined without any doings at all. Much sand you get on Global warming. You don’t need to buy The Sand Bible, which goes by the long title, Not Sand, Not Sound, to

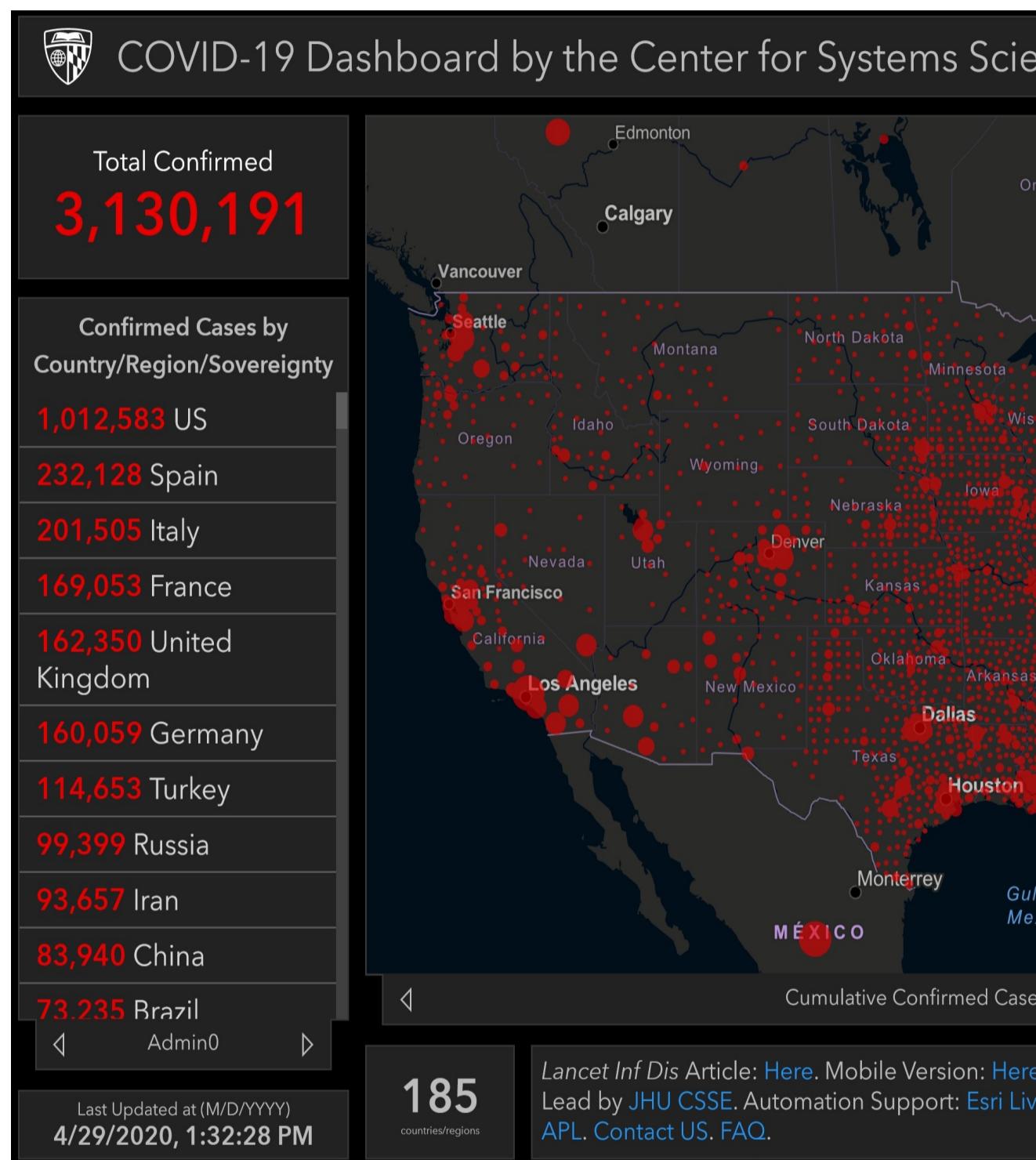
the United States will be kept below 200,000 instead of 2.2 Million if he were not in command. Is this not horrible? It looks like Zefram Cochrane, who is supposed to come into scene in the year 2063, is already

there. Darn. Why did I let them play computing? From such a simulation it is only a tiny step to create life in the computers the way we do it. When an Avatar, they call a human in a computer this way, needs the sleep for the extraction of the daily experience, then they just log him off. But that's not all. They also have cats, dogs, female and genderless Avatars and for all of them they carry logs, chat logs. So what a dog says to a female is analyzed. It is the law. I watched a presentation at Ars Electronica, a big art event on earth, where they talked about Dog AI and femininity. Tons of data, big insights into humanity! Linden Lab, the company behind it all, has to store the logs, and when President Trump wants to get the data, he grabs the logs. It is called Homeland Security. It covers all. I am a cat in this world, the Game Cat, and I blamed Art Blue, who is a sort of poser, for not feeding me regularly. It's his fault that I work for no payment, pressing the buttons for his symphony. I created a ticket. Jean Linden responded. You might not be interested in the details it shall be

enough that I don't starve anymore.

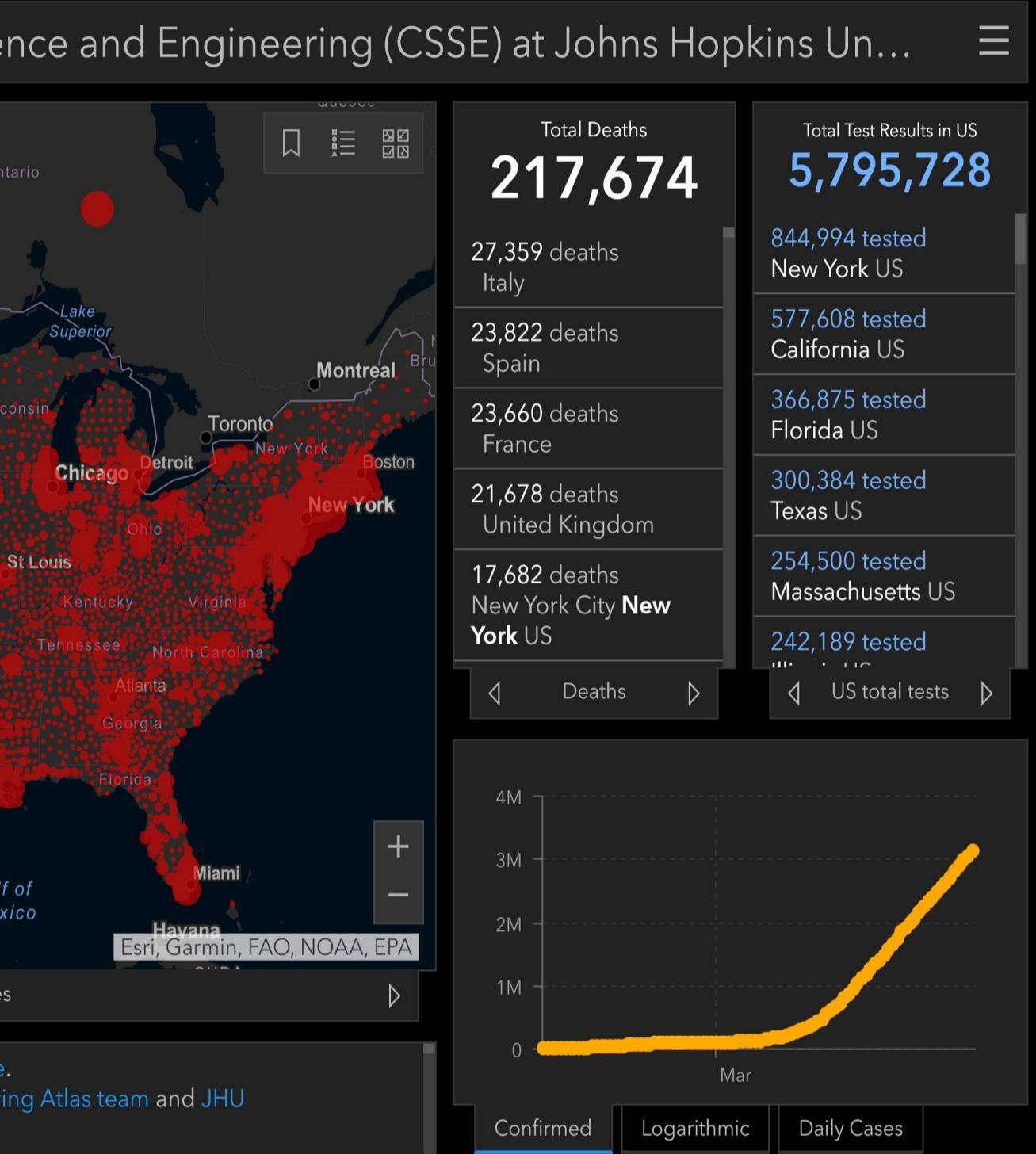
COVFEFE

What a relief that some days after the President waived the idea of going



virtual for the world he controls (he is bit special when it comes to details), he created a myth that changed it all. It is the Covfefe Prediction. When the press asked the chief of staff, Sean Spicer, what Covfefe means, he said, "The

President and a small group of people know exactly what he meant.” I know for what it stands. I saw it in his brain extraction protocol. When you speak the word Covfefe out loud, it makes a sound like coughing followed by a



double sneezing. He knew what will happen. The simulation C is about to come. How could he know that an outbreak would happen, that I would add the White Swan subroutine? A hot impulse runs through my veins. I know

he is not Cylon Number Seven, he can't be Daniel. Number Seven would never have such hair. So who has told him? I checked for signs on earth when an insight hit me, quite late, much too late to stop it. Now everyone with open eyes on earth will know it. I can't forgive my ignorance, else I would have delayed C for some hundred years.

What happened?

ZIMA BLUE

An artist, named Zima Blue, played in a world called Craft Grid a symphony, giving it the name VIRALO. For your understanding, you must know that Craft Grid is a reality simulator on earth and you must know also that Zima Blue has become an Artificial Intelligence created out of upgrades of a cleaning machine, a pool cleaner to be precise. He was assisted by a white owl.

<https://youtu.be/iPZHyzx7I9s>

Zima Blue obviously has some malfunctions and the owl has also some defects, but together they came

to a shocking realization. How could I miss the hidden messages? An owl created by Weyland-Tyrell was involved. Neruval, the owl on Art's shoulder! I was lured into being a cat pressing the button, to play the Game Cat coming from VURT. That Jean Linden dropped the case, waived the ticket in Art Blue's favour, gives a picture. Covfefe explained. It is obvious that all things in the simulator are connected. Clear like the waters running down from the Crater Lake in Oregon, the Sand Bible says. Zima Blue knew that Level C would start soon and he must have informed the President.

Zima Blue

The life of a Virus

*It all begins with a cube
There are boxes
There are particles
When the virus comes
The natural order is gone
Structures break
Life is on the edge
At the end there is all Blue.
Zima Blue.*

A symphony in four acts: Adagio, Presto, Vivo and a new format Viralo.

FOOTNOTES

The colours of a body in the Afterlife [light blue, blue, white] are reported in past life regression sessions done for over 40 years by Dr. Michael Newton (also that supervisors page in visual files where they select and configure another life cycle for humans).

<https://youtu.be/p-jEsXbW2IQ>

2BR02B [1962] by Vonnegut at
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2_B_R_0
2_B

is also a reading of the short story. There are also different audiobooks at librivox.org for download and a few film projects dedicated to *2BR02B* at
<https://youtu.be/RgaID8bRPLk>

[11 min by Trevor Peckham] and

<https://youtu.be/BANytWqVA80>

[Trailer of Marco Checa Garcia's prize winning film]

Zima Blue concept by Netflix
https://youtu.be/IMcZ7_MeAjA

Zima Blue filmed in Universal Blue
<https://youtu.be/64RBicZfq6g>



The Future's So Bright

I GOTTA WEAR SHADES!

by Illya Chardin

Singer/Songwriter
by Larkbird Parx



Loreen Aldrin

er Series #1



*"Farewell, farewell, babylove
i fell down and you flew away
You didn't even turn your head to look
down at me from above
And i loved you more than i dared to
explain
Might my bleeding heart be a fair price
to pay?"*

Lyrics from *Farewell Babylove*

When the first chords sound, flying from her guitar, a hush falls on the crowd in front of the stage. She sings in a lilting, laughing English with a tinge of the Russian winter in her voice. And her song comes alive.

Loreen Aldrin is a singer/songwriter, performing in Second life since 2008. An exquisitely talented entertainer, she plays multiple instruments and sings a mixture of original pieces and popular music from the 80s upward.

Born into a musical family, Loreen began her instrumental training at a very early age. "From age two, as soon as I could stand. So, from two years old, I played drums. At five I started to go to a music pre-school, learning piano, while still attending kindergarten. After seven years of drums, I played saxophone for about seven more years. Somewhere around age 12, I started to teach myself guitar

and became interested in vocals. At 16, after school, I went to study sax in college, but only did it for a year, as I started to travel around as a vocalist and a guitar player."

As Loreen's entire family made their living in the musical world, it is perhaps inevitable that she should follow. "My Dad is a children's brass-woodwind orchestra conductor, and he is always very supportive. Mom was a jazz singer, but left our family when I was 15, pretty much before my more or less 'conscious' years. The life lessons learned during this time were how to become strong, how to stand up for myself. My brother was a very famous Siberian singer, who died in 2009. He always supported me as good as he could, indeed." Loreen herself works as a musical conductor at a theater.

Growing up in Russia, Loreen was influenced by Russian rock, "which is completely influenced by Western rock and pop music. My personal favorites were always Nirvana, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Aerosmith, Crash Test Dummies, then more serious stuff like Sting. These last 10 years, I can't stop listening to this guy from Norway named Bernhoft, a vocal, instrumental and song writing genius I can't get enough of. There are many more, but these, especially the two last ones, are my biggest loves. That was also the time I started to learn English properly,

mostly teaching myself with song lyrics from the same Nirvana and the other guys I mentioned. I changed my school three times, so there were different teachers, or no teachers at times. I ended up speaking it way better than a lot of kids that were going to the same schools as I did. Then I taught myself German, and right now, I am very interested in Dutch and Norwegian."

In her mid-teens, with guitar in hand, Loreen began performing at small venues in her home town. Between then and now, her understanding of her audience leads to touching, gorgeous sets. "I never prepare a set list for a show, always preferring to play whatever I feel like playing. That is the best approach for me, because if I decide to play something I 'think' the audience will like, that might not work very well.

"It is a very selfish thing ... in order to touch my listeners emotionally, I have to touch myself first. I know how it sounds, but I have to feel something emotionally from the music I perform, otherwise what is there to transfer to the listener? Plain notes are not interesting. And bad emotions are a strong catalyst. I never say no to a show if I am sad, for example. People can feel it, it comes across with the music and is touching. I think that is great, because it moves a listener's soul

as much as I am moved myself at the moment."

Loreen wrote her first song in late 2006 at the age of 23, with impetus from a broken love affair. "It was something I never ever play any more, pretty primitive, but I was very happy about it at that time, knowing that if I will keep doing it, I will get better at it. At that time, I was in a break up and yes, I thought maybe I have it in me, to write some good material for myself. I can't just sing covers all the time, which is what I did at that time. I do want to have way more tunes still, more than what I have now."

Emotional pain is another force in the creative process for Loreen. "It is a very well working therapy method. I cannot call myself a very productive songwriter; there are not that very many songs I have written so far, but there are some things that I have in process and that I also hope to finish at some point soon. I would really love to be able to write without having to go through so much pain as the saddest tunes are made with. I would really love to spare my soul a bit."

Loreen's writing style varies from piece to piece. "It is always different. I sometimes have a little melody that then unfolds into more, once I explore it, and sometimes there is a line I like a lot, that then drags a melody with it, if

I start working on it. There are so many approaches to writing that I am sure I have not discovered all of them just yet ... I almost always start with my guitar, but also sometimes I can start on a keyboard and basically write a song whole, creating an arrangement."

"I can tell that over time, the songs that i have written, indeed became more complex and evolved structurally and emotionally. I have grown up quite a bit since my first song, have experienced many things that have formed me into something I really was not back in 2006 when writing my first piece."

Loreen's final arrangements are deep, lush and full, as if created for an orchestra. "I do have a sweet tooth for real big orchestral arrangements indeed, as well as for rich choirs. I have participated on many albums for very many different musicians as a choir and backing vocals singer, that has given me a nice experience of creating harmonies. Just yesterday I recorded some backs for a Russian animated series, again. Additional vocals and instruments, if done with some certain proportion, can enhance the sound of the voice, make lyrics really stand out and that is just how I like my stuff to sound. While most of the contemporary music creators are focused on the sound, I give a lot of

attention to the content, the lyrics themselves and the arrangement, preferably played by real musical instruments."

When *Farewell Babylove* was written, Loreen had found Second Life, and love had found her as well. "I was very deeply in love with a guy whom I met here on SL, around the spring of 2010. This song is from 2012, so I was in love for two years, until the moment I realized, we were not to happen in real life, so I decided, I have to let this whole thing go, because it was too much for something that is not meant to happen ... I guess because the guy did not love me enough. You can't make anyone love you ... a heart does not take orders."

"So yes ... at some point, it has become clear to me that there is nothing beyond this world for us, and I decided to take everything about our story out of my life. Pretty much by destroying message logs, pictures, anything that had to do with us. It felt a lot like tearing my heart out of my body and throwing it away into an ocean ... for that part, never to surface again."

With *Farewell Babylove*, "I had a melody in my head for some days. Some songs are just ... written down as I sit down to write something, without spending much time; it just sort of comes to me. Others take some time to

brew, comparable to expecting a child. It takes some time to grow and form inside me, to get out of me in some moment."

"Pain can be very inspiring, but I have the beautiful song out of it, which I might have not written if I did not go through those heavy feelings."

Strong hearted, deeply felt lyrics combined with impeccably played instruments flow together in Loreen Aldrin's musical performances to create intricate and unforgettable live concerts.

Go. Enjoy the show. Don't forget to tip!

FAREWELL BABYLOVE

*Careful, careful, babylove,
You don't know if it will burn your skin
As one's heart falls through to the
ground, the noise it makes is oh so
strange.*

*And i'm watching my world as it's
coming to the end
Where nothing will ever be the same
again.*

*Funny, funny, babylove,
I thought you're mine til the end of
days
Well one day you just went away and
left me there with my broken wings
On the sandy grounds of my dreams*

with my feet that i bury in the earth

*I am an anchor, hitting the bottom as
the chain is torn,
So i am something that will never see
the surface again*

*Farewell, farewell, babylove
i fell down and you flew away
You didn't even turn your head to look
down at me from above
And i loved you more than i dared to
explain
Might my bleeding heart be a fair price
to pay?
Might my bleeding heart be a fair price
to pay?*

*I am an anchor, hitting the bottom as
the chain is torn,
So i am something that will never see
the surface again
Oh suddenly, the entire sky is falling
down on my head
Falling down on my head*

LINKS :

www.youtube.com/OlgaZoubkova

www.soundcloud.com/Zoubkova

www.facebook.com/OlgaZeeOfficial



s t e f a n



cat boccaccio

Another restaurant meeting, but this time an assassination.

She arrived seven minutes early and was escorted to a red leather booth separated from prying eyes by a deep red velvet curtain. She noticed two bodyguards by the double door entrance, trying to be subtle, but failing. They were dressed in severely dark suits, and looked around the room in a kind of silent desperation, as if aching for trouble. Another one stood motionless in the shadows near the entrance to the restrooms. The restaurant was about half full, diners murmuring in soft tones, a sound as silky as a love song. It was perfect.

She remained standing behind the curtain, waiting, in her white silk dress and pearls, a large beaded bag holding cosmetics, cigarettes, and other necessities, pearl earrings dripping from her earlobes, and two diamond rings, glittering in the candlelight. She was blonde this night, a luxurious, shimmering blonde, with painted lips as red and rich as the velvet drapes.

He'd spotted her at a diplomatic dinner, as they'd hoped, and very discreetly arranged a rendezvous. She didn't mind being bait— it was part of her job— but she didn't like the idea of being a prop in this drama. She wanted a leading role, and she was given it.

They ate rare steaks, they fed each other dessert, flirting and giggling. She called him "Stefan", much to his delight. He bragged about his closeness to the President, while stoically and repeatedly telling her that he could not discuss state issues, then proceeding to do so in order to highlight his significant role in such affairs.

"The President relies on you," she said, reaching across the table, extending a delicate finger and intimately dabbing the corner of his mouth.

He took her hand and kissed it, then inelegantly wiped his mouth and chin with the white linen napkin. “He does— and when he doesn’t he comes to me to clean up the mess.”

She smiled, and took a small sip of champagne. He was not a handsome man, but had the arrogance that power brings, and the confidence that power would always ensure liaisons with beautiful, otherwise untouchable women.

“I have a small suite booked at the Palisades,” he said. “Shall we?” He stood and extended a hand to help her to her feet. “Just let me alert the guys, and hit the toilet.” He kissed her on the top of her head, and disappeared through the curtain.

While he was in the gentleman’s room, she swiftly took a clean white linen napkin from her bag, wiped her fingerprints from utensils and glassware, then put it on his plate, taking his napkin into her bag.

There was suddenly a commotion from beyond the curtain. She heard many voices, and the flash of cameras threw shadows across the wall and onto the corner of the table. One of the bodyguards came through and said, “Sorry, miss. Someone must have tipped off the press. If you come with me, you can leave through the kitchen. A taxi is waiting to take you home.”

She eschewed the taxi, pulling her cashmere shawl around her shoulders, and walked a few blocks in the brisk air, before hailing another cab and climbing inside.

Early the next morning, his wife found him dead in his Sealy Posturpedic bed. An autopsy was pending, but no foul play was suspected.



Elvis Christ Ultrastar

By RoseDrop Rust

Writing songs at the age of three, (his first song was titled "Sweet, Sweet, Mother's Milk"), at 13 he had mastered the Beatles catalogue and begun his "Improvements on Coltrane" improvs. His debut gig at Carnegie Hall almost caused a despondent James Taylor to finally OD. He has deigned to accept all the accolades Second Life has to give. Ladies and Germs, he truly believes his hype, welcome the best by far, ever seen in the known Metaverse, Elvis Christ Ultrastar!

He sighed, the weight of superstardom is, you know, heavy. He needs people to think he has this huge management staff without actually providing income, and then write lyrics about how he feels about girls not believing in him. Guitars don't tune themselves, and fans forget how to pay to see him, but the hardest, is to think of new ways to let people know how great he is. He is trying out a new catch phrase: "Elvis Christ Ultrastar, Better than Communion."

Breaking News! Let's go to our virtual reporter in Second Life. "Hello, this is Mother Superior Superior for the Non-virtual Gazette. I am talking with a virtual performer Elvis Christ Ultrastar." "My music is vastly superior to the sound of angels and I would show people my \$100K Ls skin and shape at a nudist club, but many people would stay away." "There you have it. Prudes in virtual reality, SL people don't show there pixel parts to just anyone."

Working for Elvis Christ Ultrastar isn't all it's cracked up to be. It didn't take long to figure out things weren't gonna be as glamorous as he had hoped. He volunteered to help 'cause he always wanted to

be around celebrity, but when he had to lag his computer with multiple alts to beef up the audience, it really got messed up. The good news was, he got so good at outfitting alts as groupies that he was able to pick up some real dough as an escort. I play Memphis Pavilion at 1pm. A girl's gotta do ...

Elvis Christ Ultrastrar had had his friends capped, and a message to the fan base that some would be cut caused a mad rush as panicked devotees sacrificed themselves on the rocks of their devotion leading to an unexpected sudden precipitous decline. Nothing could be said in the press, since the prestige of having the most friends is part of the Elvis' mystique. I play The Lunar Lounge, Nirvana Island at 8pm. The decision was made to blame Facebook. Popularity can lead to derision, and it wasn't his fault.

He had fired a couple PR guys from his staff. What was so hard about saying great things about him? They had suggested that collective creativity is more valid than self-serving hyperbole. Attempts at real imagination versus unsubstantiated comparisons of subjective opinion, advertising versus delivery, soulless repetition versus gentle persuasion, is a central conflict in our culture. They planted a poison pill. The last release went out after he let them go. I play Pannie's at 9pm. He wouldn't get it until it was too late. So there, Mr. Elvis Christ "my dad's better than your dad" Ultrastrar!

Elvis Christ Ultrastrar, numero ego of virtual ponds, sits surveying his kingdom. His coolly collected princesses kiss, and minions skittered and ran as he pondered his tan. There are more self-centered lyrics to write, for another recorded collection of reflections on how his lovers paid too little attention. Welling up like treasure and emerging under

pressure, to be recorded for a projected, more prosperous, posterity. His mouth slowly creaks open. "Croak!"

At first, people would just skirt the random avatar shaped dust piles like some annoying modern art project. Then folks noticed more SL celebs had gone missing. It became more alarming as some shows one could count on were suddenly gone. "We just figured we'd see them next time" Socio-psychologists are reporting a dramatic uptick in fatal cases of social hypothermia or virtual over-exposure. "It's a damn crisis" said Elvis Christ Ultrastrar before crumbling. Not rare enough, maybe?

Big news! Elvis Christ Superstar has returned to SL! He left after being too weakly worshipped by the virtual audiences and is willing to give himself to us again. "I was the biggest star you have ever seen in SL". Yes, he made it right to the edge of our little pond and slithered out. Now he wants in again. He is expecting us to fall all over ourselves running to the clarion call of his largesse. Ready to celebrate his triumphant re-ascendence to SL stardom? It is Easter after all.

Today Can No

by Shyla the Super Gecko (AKA KriJo)

DC Police Department via Twitter: "All Columbia Rd NW. Lookout is for a light occupied by (2) males armed with AK s listed location."

Today

Two more die

As more are waiting

Seven wounded

As more will be

Colt said no more

AK's for civilians

But more will make

It to the streets

Today

We are r

As even

On the S

As more

Because

Feel it a

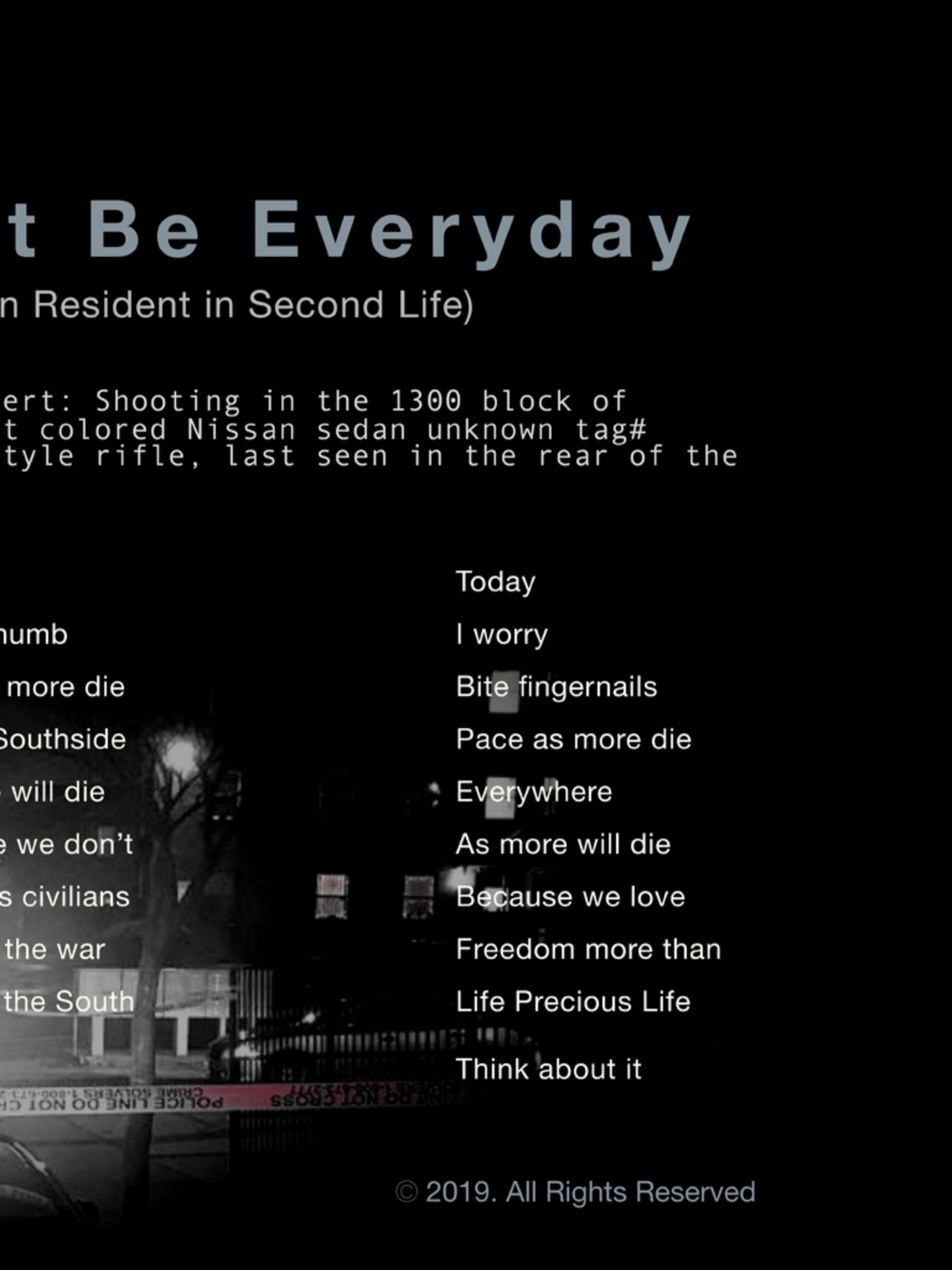
Outside

Zone to

t Be Everyday

n Resident in Second Life)

ert: Shooting in the 1300 block of
t colored Nissan sedan unknown tag#
tyle rifle, last seen in the rear of the



Today
I worry
Bite fingernails
Pace as more die
Everywhere
As more will die
Because we love
Freedom more than
Life Precious Life
Think about it



Real Revolutions

by Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

el the dollar bills in your hand.
n you feel their paper?
n you feel their meaning?
heir value even real?
e're on the edge of
recipice of our own imaginings
ges we replicate from the patterns
're given
el the people,
ur loved ones and coworkers.
el them in a warm embrace
I the quickening and amplitude rise
rhythmic flesh and blood heart beats
emotive response for the real people
real persons
real reasons to be alive.
e're wrapped in constructs
cages of mind.
r cows,

white lines on black pavement
are the patterns of cattle guards;
the barriers of their own imaginings.
The need for paychecks and bank
accounts
are constructs of meaning
with no reality beyond our minds
the reality of social minds, social
constructs
the figments of collective imaginings
Real revolutions are revolutions of
mind
Real freedom comes from being the
authors
of our own meanings,
our own imaginings
based on our own values
based on our need for fulfillment
in service to each other,
the real reason to be alive.



Isolation
Jullianna Julies



I can't breathe out of my nose.
Have I caught this plague?

The numbers double and triple, and double and triple again.
987 ill, 29 dead, 48 in intensive care, just in Minnesota.
More people have died this month in the metro New York area than on 9/11.
I can't stomach the loss, reading the names of people I knew.

I am up all night, sucking dry hot air through my mouth.
I take an allergy tablet, which has caffeine.

I can't sleep.
Brain churn.
I took two of those pills.

Damn.

There are street noises—
Airplanes, neighbors leaving for work at 4 am.

My boyfriend snores, oblivious.
I wish I had his peace.

I am living in sin, whatever that means.
Alternating between chills and the heat from his core.
Damp sheets, my hair in tendrils.

Wide-eyed wild child, you were warned about hell.
Contained into yourself, with only your thoughts.
Oh, your thoughts, the whirring cars on I-94,
Static radio playing polkas and country music,
Ants on your skin for eternity.

You better like yourself, babe.
You are stuck with yourself.
You will never sleep.

You were warned about hell—
By your mother, by Father Gill,
Who taught you to pray to St. Michael the Archangel—

*Be my protection against the devil,
In god we beseech you prince of the heavenly host
Cast into Hell Satan and all the evil spirits who roam the world
for the ruination of souls.*

I take my temperature for the third time today.
97.5.

I am safe, for now, still on this temporal plane.

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